



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 33 to 35 Park Row, New York.  
Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 46.....NO. 16,084.

## CENTRAL PARK.

The new park entrances and driveways should be completed this summer. The constant tinkering with the park's approaches hinders the full enjoyment of this great pleasure spot and playground. When there are necessary changes to be made the work should be planned in advance and done promptly.

With the uptown growth of population Central Park is becoming more accessible to people of the class who need it most, and everything should be done to make it available for its proper purposes.

## KISSES IN COURT.

Miss Eleanor J. Omphaline has recovered by judicial process \$35 damages and costs from the young man who kissed her without her consent. The amount for which she sued was \$500, but the Judge cut down the realization of her demands over 90 per cent.

These cases in court to recover damages for a kiss are becoming more frequent. As a matter of public policy it is probably better on the whole to discourage them. Every day of the year hundreds of thousands of girls are kissed. The majority of them make more or less protestation. The girl who frankly asks a man to kiss her is a rarity. If every girl who is kissed without her consent having previously been obtained were to bring suit the occurrences of one day would block the calendars of every court for years.

Feminine intuition is usually a sufficient defense if the girl is unwilling to be kissed by that particular man. She can discern his meditated intentions long before he acts unless the kiss is one of those spontaneous happenings resulting from her own provocation. There can be no kissing without an opportunity, and there can be no suitable opportunity without the proximity of the girl and the man and the absence of obvious spectators.

When a girl sits in the corner of a deserted hotel piazza with a young man and watches the moonlight on the rippling waves, or when she goes buggy riding in the evening or strolls away in the woods in the afternoon or joins in creating a suitable opportunity, it might be that the Court could hold that she was more entitled to a verdict if the young man refused to try to take advantage of his opportunity than if he did the kissing so crudely and clumsily that the girl had a natural resentment.

There is another point which the Judge should have considered. Real kissing takes two. If the girl's objections are genuine and she does not with pretty reluctance consent, the kiss is really not a kiss at all. It is a pecking with the lips—a mere labial contact.

## SPOOKS.

If there is any place where spooks would find a congenial home it would naturally be the Morgue, unless a departed spirit preferred a solitary place to live alone and appear only to a select audience. It was therefore not surprising that Gustave Hamilton, one of the Morgue keepers, regarded it as a matter of course that the clothes hung in the closet should come out in the room, that the dead bodies on the slab should move and that there should be groans and murmurings. One exhibition of this kind was enough for him and he resigned. He would not believe that the commotion was caused by a steamboat bumping the pier head, by unrolled ventilator fans and by something going wrong with the engine.

Whether there are spooks or not depends on the mental attitude of the audience. Some men prefer a supernatural explanation whenever one can be had, while most people will insist on finding some material reason for a motion or a sound or a vision.

The people who think they have seen ghosts cannot be convinced to the contrary by any argument. On the other hand there are very few people who believe that a spook has ever appeared to them, and the majority of mankind are inclined to disbelieve anything that has not been in some way demonstrated to their physical senses.

Could the Polar bear alone on an iceberg have had any instinctive intimation of his fate? The iceberg was slowly melting in the warm waters of the Gulf stream and it was a question of only a few days when the Polar bear would have nothing to keep him afloat.

The Tuscarora Indians have received \$100 apiece from the United States. These Indians live near Niagara Falls and are all members of New York's oldest families.

## "His Master's Voice"

By J. Campbell Cory.



## Russia, Strong and Weak

WRITING from Russia many years ago, Richard Cobden said: "People confound in their minds the defensive and aggressive power of Russia. She is invulnerable against foreign attack by land, because no large army can be concentrated within her borders. She has, it is true, a large force of ships of war, but they are manned by sailors taken from the villages of the interior, who are unseaworthy the name of sailors, and it is pretty certain that they would never venture into an engagement with an English or American fleet, and if they did it is quite certain they would be taken or destroyed." The present war has proved that Russia still lacks effective seamen.

## How the Navies Compare

IN Brassey's Naval Annual for 1905 the figures on effective fighting ships of the five great nations are as follows: Great Britain, all ships, 138; battle-ships, 65; France, all ships, 120; battle-ships, 56; United States, all ships, 77; battle-ships, 36; Germany, all ships, 69; battle-ships, 36; Russia, all ships, 44; battle-ships, 25. As to first-class battle-ships the figures are: Great Britain, 50; France, 17; United States, 25; Germany, 22; Russia, 13.

## Does the Man Go with His Gift? By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

DEAR MISS GREELEY-SMITH: A gentleman friend that I have been going with has presented me with a very expensive gift. I accepted the gift, but find that the gentleman now considers that I have pledged myself to accept not only his gifts, but himself. Does accepting a present from a man bind you to anything? If so, would you accept the man or give back the present? It is a very expensive present.

PUZLED AMELIA.



Amelia Greeley-Smith.

MY DEAR AMELIA, I am surprised that a young woman with such a gentle, old-fashioned name should not have new-fashioned notions. Keep the presents. Take the man. Don't let anything get you. Of course, you needn't be in any hurry about taking the man. Get all the presents you can first, for you probably won't get any afterward. You don't state whether you love the man or not. However, that, if you are the average girl, is a mere matter of detail, and it's safe to assume that you are.

There was once an idea, you know, that a young woman should not take presents from a man unless she were willing to take him, too. There is probably a survival of that prehistoric prejudice in the breast of your admirer, but, of course, if you admire the present very much and the young man not at all you can disabuse him of the idea.

Still, men with matrimonial intentions and an income to match are rather scarce in these parts and you had better annex him while the matrimonial madness is upon him. It is not quite so easy to return a husband if you don't like him as it is a present, but we are tending merrily in that direction and if you like the present so very much and the young man's understanding is that he goes with it, why, take him and live happily ever afterward. It is a peculiar thing about the matrimonial sweepstakes that whether you start with polite indifference or a consuming passion, your finish is just about the same and the only time you can be sure of winning is when you are left at the post. If you don't love the giver of the expensive present, there is always a chance that you will love him. And that's more than could be said if you loved him now. You must have known there was a string to the present, anyhow. There always is. Only women ever really give anything unconditionally. The present is the gaudy fly that makes you swallow the matrimonial hook. You have swallowed it and must take the consequences.

## Said on the Side.

"MEN are such cowards," says Mrs. Charles Gilpin, of Philadelphia, heroine of a burglary episode. Sentiment echoed by Miss Greenberg, who, after rescuing a mere male from drowning at Atlantic City, said, "Men are cowards anyhow." Superior courage of the "weaker sex" must be conceded, from the facility with which, as related in a single day's news, they save lives at fires, rout thieves with rolling-pins and show their ability to bind the wounds of a trolley victim. More becoming in them, however, in view of their acknowledged bravery, to show a little chivalric consideration for their less valorous brothers.

Death noted of the "father of who cheap watch" at the age of fifty-six. Said of him that he "revolutionized a great industry," and incidentally to be remarked that he made considerable of a revolution in the acceptability of this kind of collateral at "uncles."

Concerning pawnshop collateral, the Paris pawnshops, which are "aunts" instead of "uncles," have millions of pledged articles in storage, amounting to more than 100,000 bicycles. One little house contains a wedding dress which has been in pawn for forty-five years. An umbrella, pledged for forty-nine years, had forty-nine tickets hanging to its ribs.

Henry street resident, visited by burglars, consoles himself with the reflection that "the safe is safe anyhow." Something in that line in time of carting safes away in covered vans to burglarize at leisure.

Speaking of burglars, one in Brooklyn slept on his job and was found by the police with the goods on. Members of the profession have been repeatedly warned of the dangers of the sidewalk lunch habit in working hours.

Believers in Louisiana and Mississippi reported to be "cooling down." About time for the remarks the Governors of the Carolinas made to each other.

Brooklyn Anti-Rowdy League dead. Newly continues to flourish on the Coney Island cars with no signs of weakness visible.

Number of motor cycles in Great Britain is reported at 34,000, an increase of 12,700 over last year's figures. Relatively small increase here as compared with these large figures indicates that the United States have yet to experience the real strenuousness of the auto craze.

## American Coins Popular.

BUSINESS men throughout Canada are disturbed at the preponderance of American coins in trade-circles. Ways and means are being sought to exclude American silver coins as far as possible from business channels. The Canadian Bankers' Association has proposed to the Canadian Government that it reimburse the banks for the charges of shipping American silver back to the United States, the banks at the same time to take an equivalent amount of Canadian silver. There has been no disposition to refuse American bills for the balance of trade heavily in favor of the United States, and the bills are accepted at par by the banks for exchange with Canadian currency throughout the United States.

## A Trio of Odd Facts.

ALTHOUGH 346,500 marriages took place in Japan last year, it is stated that not one bride was over twenty-two years old.

Probably the most extraordinary journal in the world is published weekly in Athens. It is written entirely in verse, even the advertisements.

Three-tenths of all earnings of a Belgian convict are given to him on the expiration of his sentence. Some trials have shown more than half of what they have ever been able to save out of it.

## HEIGHT OF FASHION.

So fashionable is appendicitis in British society circles that, says London Opinion, many women would rather have it "than a three-quarter length photograph in a magazine."

## Letters From the People

### And Answers to Questions

**An Unpayable Debt.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
My blood got hot reading the Foye case, and only cooled down when I read in the evening edition—in which I glory—the decision of Magistrate Crane. Any man, rich or poor, old or young, white or black, especially white, no matter of what religion, should never, as long as he has a breath in his body, forget his mother, under any circumstances, conditions, or times, nor for any benefit for others.

CHARLES S. KITHNS.  
Long Branch, N. J.

### Industrial Tips Wanted.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Two young men, wishing to see the country at little expense, are thinking of taking a Southern trip for the coming winter. As they wish to work their way from place to place will readers kindly suggest any means of which they have knowledge whereby the expenses and pocket money for such an expedition could be honestly raised en route?  
IN EARNEST, Islip, L. I.

### A Millionaire Philanthropy.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
It seems to me that if Carnegie or Rockefeller, or even the City of New York, were to open great stores and only employ men from thirty years to sixty years it would be putting their money to a far better use than by what they are now doing. A man cannot pay his rent, or feed his family, by sitting in a library reading books. The North Pole, the leather education, &c., can get along better without gifts than can the hardworking poor of America. See the hundreds of "educated" men to-day working for from \$3 to \$6 a week, just to keep body and soul together, when they should be holding positions paying from \$5 to \$12 if they only had a chance. It is a shame. Open these proposed millionaire philanthropic stores and let us "live" not merely "exist." O. O.

### The Gas-Pumping Fan.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
O. B. L. wishes to know whether an electric fan does any good in a hot and close room, where no fresh air is admitted. As is well known, carbon dioxide, or carbonic acid gas, is being constantly given off by the lungs. This gas, being twelve times heavier than air, sinks to the bottom of the room, and gradually what is left of air is permeated. If now this is disturbed by any commotion, such as an electric fan, you would have a mixture of air and carbonic acid gas, a very dangerous and poisonous substance to health I assure you. Thus one might say an electric fan is almost dangerous.

In summing up, therefore, the efficacy of a fan in a hot, close room is nil, while in a room where every possible means is given for fresh air to enter, no matter how poor the ventilation, such a fan is a blessing.  
J. E. L.  
Montclair, N. J.

### How Much for Vacation?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What proportion or percentage of a man's vacation money, readers, should he spend on vacation and how much should he save? I own the week. My vacation money (two weeks) is thus \$25. How much of this should I feel justified in spending on a good time and how much should I put by? I hope some other reader who has once been a struggling young fellow like myself will come to my rescue with a suggestion.  
HENRY F.

### What's the Matter with Jerome?

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
What seems to be the matter with William T. Jerome? First, we had the explosion in the Subway. Nobody was ever punished for it. Then the New York Central accident. Nobody punished. Murders happening nearly every day in New York City. He rounded up the gamblers. All off. He tried Nan Patterson three times, costing the city \$50,000. No conviction. He has a big force of able men at his command and plenty of money at his disposal, but—  
NATHAN SAMUELS.  
Buffalo, N. Y.

# The Detached Brain . . . A Wall Street Romance. By Arthur Rochefort.

**SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.**  
Samuel Russell, richest man in Wall Street, is dying. His body is buried, his head alone remaining normal. Arthur Rossmann, his nephew, comes home from the Philippines to find himself disheartened. He is engaged to May Dolan. Her brother Philip and a German scientist named Hoffmeister have a plan for cutting off Russell's head and, by artificial means, keeping the brain alive for an indefinite period. Russell's financial powers to enrich themselves, Arthur, going up Broadway, sits at right, is attacked and knocked senseless by a man and a woman.

## CHAPTER V.

### Phil Dolan's Love Affair.

PHIL DOLAN was the embodiment of mental alertness and physical energy. While still a youth these qualities had attracted the notice of Samuel Russell and he employed Phil at wages which even outsiders thought most liberal.

In time the wages rose to the dignity of a salary, and though the rich and wretched broker swore every day that Phil's compensation would break him and send him to the poorhouse, yet he feared that some of his rivals might come to realize the young man's worth and bribe him away.

Nominally Phil was a messenger. That was the position he first held in Samuel Russell's service; but as time went on he became clerk, confidential agent and trusted factotum.

Phil had never liked this service, because of the disagreeable association with "the meanest man in the world," as Russell was generally called, but the place had its advantages, and then there was his mother to think of and May, who was promising to be a teacher.

The morning after parting with Arthur Rossmann at Second avenue and Houston street Phil was in Russell's room, where Dr. Rossmann told him the old man was asleep and not to wake him till Dr. Hoffmeister came about 10 o'clock.

This respite enabled Phil to go into the front parlor, which for many years had been used as an office, and there he found Tekla Meyer, who had been Russell's stenographer and typewriter for about a year.

Tekla had secured her place through Phil. She was a slender brunette, decidedly pretty—beautiful, some said—and with a fine, laughing mouth that offset the sadness of her great dark eyes.

Phil Dolan was naturally combative, and a long experience with the hard knocks and unscrupulous methods of Wall Street had intensified this feeling and deepened the line between his eyes and the grim set of his lips, but when this morning, he entered the front parlor and extended his hand to Tekla his eyes showed a glad light and he greeted her in a voice of musical tenderness. "And how is he?" asked Tekla, nodding back at the other room, when Phil had taken a seat beside her. "Going fast, every place but here," replied Phil, as he tapped her forehead. "It would be better if God would take him," sighed the girl. "God?" repeated Phil, bitterly. "Oh, no. It isn't He that's going to make him when he goes. But we have given him the best years of my life, and honesty prevented my using the chances I had, for I never broke my word to him, and I won't do it now. But," and Phil paused to give emphasis to his words, "before he dies, I'll use him to make me the richest man in New York. And then, Tekla, do you know what will follow?"



for mine. And she is here before me," and as Phil spoke he lifted the graceful head and gallantly kissed her. Dr. Rossmann had been gone some time, and Phil was still talking with Tekla about the use they would make of the great fortune which was surely coming to them, when, with a cough to announce his approach, the old negro was most observant—Uncle Billy shuffled into the room. "Mistah Dolan, de doctah he's down in de din'-room, sah, an' he say he'd be powerful pleased if so he yo' could span a few minutes fo' to talk wid him," said Uncle Billy. "Is it Dr. Hoffmeister, Uncle Billy?" asked Phil. "Yes, sah." "When did he come?" "He's jess rived, sah." "All right," and Phil sprang lightly up, and within a minute was seated face to face with Dr. Hoffmeister in the dark, dingy basement. Since Dr. Hoffmeister had taken sole charge of the "wonderful case," as he called Samuel Russell's, he had taken

Briefly, this was the doctor's scheme. Within a week or ten days at the outside Samuel Russell must die.

The world, so far as the old man was known, was quite prepared to learn of his demise.

The authorities would be duly informed of the death, an undertaker would be called in, and the body would be shown, duly confined and properly buried.

But there would be a difference. The doctor would sever the living head from the ossified dead body, replacing it by a wax head so artfully prepared and fastened to the corpse as to defy detection by the eyes.

"The operation must be made at the right moment. We must keep the death chill below the throat. We must have the case, the pumps, the batteries, the radium sulphate and the nutritive and vitalizing fluid ready, with duplicates of everything in case one should fail. Do you understand, Mr. Dolan?" asked the doctor in conclusion.

"But wouldn't it seem like murder?" gasped Phil.

The doctor laughed. "You can't murder a man who's dead and buried."

"And how long can life be kept in the brain?" asked Phil.

"That I cannot tell, but I hope to keep the mental faculties unimpaired for three months, may be twice as long."

"And can it let us know what it thinks?"

"I will arrange a series of simple signals whereby the head can communicate through the eyes and facial muscles. Ach, this is a most wonderful!" The doctor was about to add "case," but his sentence was cut short, and Phil was startled by hearing the voice of his sister crying out from the door.

be afraid! Speak!" "Oh!" she moaned. "They say he is dead!"

"Dead! My God! Arty dead!" "May's only response was to cling to her brother and sob."

"Water, Uncle Billy! Water!" shouted Phil as he threw his arms about his sister, for she had fainted and would have fallen at his feet but for his timely support.

(To Be Continued.)

## "A Bargain."

I DID NOT ask thee for a faithful heart.

Nor yet for constancy to last all time.

I merely said: Until we two must part.

Lend me thy love and I will lend thee mine.

I did not think how hard to part would be.

I did not know how great the love would grow;

I only saw with eyes that could not see.

And did not dream that I should love thee so.

I don't grieve with any vague regret.

Nor long to change one hour of joy we spent;

But, now the end has come, I would forget thee and that time and all the love we lent.

Alas, how could I tell this would befall.

When seas and distance lay 'twixt you and me;

In vain I strive the love lent to regain.

My heart and love remain, my gift to thee.

A. McLAUGHLIN.